

The Offer

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The Offer

by [doolabug](#)

Summary

Commodore Norrington has an offer for Captain Sparrow.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Part 1

James Norrington stood in front of the seediest, sorriest tavern he'd ever had the misfortune to stand in front of, and grimaced. It faced the dirty harbor--thick and black in the Caribbean night--as all the best disreputable drinking establishments in squalid harbor towns do, and listed alarmingly to starboard. He looked above the door for a sign but it didn't even boast that. For once, he was glad he was not wearing his uniform and wig, and had dressed instead in civilian clothes. Still, the cleanliness of these was sure to make him stand out. Just then, however, a drunken sailor staggered out the door, and fell obligingly at his feet splattering mud and God knew what else on his clean breeches and waistcoat. Norrington sniffed in annoyance. Now perfectly attired, he walked into the dim interior.

Inside, the tavern was even worse, although surprisingly--to him--crowded. Low exposed beams threatened his head, and the few candles on scattered tables didn't help him navigate the uneven floor. Moving carefully lest he slip on the slimy floorboards, Norrington wove around patrons seated at the tables and made his way to the bar. Catching the attention of the barkeep, he ordered an ale; the state of the glass made him reconsider actually consuming it.

Turning, he leaned back on his elbows, consciously relaxing his pose and schooling his expression to one of boredom and apathy. Positive results from his visit to this vile place were absolutely crucial to the success of the mission he had been tasked with by Governor Swann, and he couldn't appear too anxious. The governor also had provided the document he carried in his coat pocket, a paper which he had stared at for long minutes in his cabin as he traveled to this rendezvous. He still couldn't quite believe it, and doubted his intended quarry would either. That he might have to talk his target into actually accepting the document made his teeth itch.

Now that his eyes were accustomed to the gloom, Norrington scanned the patrons. And sure enough, just as he had been told, Jack Sparrow sat at a table in the back corner. He was engrossed in conversation with a character who seemed to be nearly as distasteful as Sparrow himself. Norrington turned back to the bar and resigned himself to sipping the ale while waiting for Sparrow's companion to leave.

Finally, the talkative tablemate lurched off. Norrington steeled himself, ordered two more glasses, and carried them toward Sparrow's table. The worst pirate in the Caribbean now sat leering at a barwench perched upon his knee, completely unaware his nemesis stood not four feet away.

"Captain Sparrow, good evening."

The pirate spun around to face him, and Norrington had the immense pleasure of watching recognition dawn as Sparrow jerked to his feet. He dumped the wench on the floor, and then tripped backward over her in his haste to put more distance between himself and the Royal Navy. Stopped by the wall behind him, Sparrow glanced quickly to either side, judging the possibilities of escape.

"Captain Sparrow, would you join me in a drink?" Norrington put the glasses on the table and sat in the near chair. Sparrow, eyes wide, looked at him as if he had sprouted horns. Norrington cocked his head to one side, "Come now, I won't bite. Much."

Sparrow gaped. "What do you mean, sneaking up on a body like that!? Why are you dressed like a normal person? And what're you doing in Martinique?"

Norrington ignored most of the babbling. "Talking to you, of course. Now please, sit and share a

glass of this, er, fine ale.” He took a sip and relaxed, crossing his legs and hooking an arm over the back of the chair.

Sparrow stayed pressed against the wall and looked behind Norrington, scanning the room for the Marines that usually thrust bayonets at him whenever he got within sight of the commodore. Not seeing any, he looked back at Norrington and narrowed his eyes. “You’ll have a hard time taking me alone, mate.”

“I’m not here to take you, Sparrow. I’m here to make you an offer.”

“An offer. From you. Are you daft, man? ‘M not as addled as you must think I am. I’ve no interest in any offers the Royal Navy, and you in particular, might have.”

“Oh, I think you might be interested in this one, as it comes from Governor Swann himself. God knows I wouldn’t have made it, but in this I have no choice. Will you hear me out before you scurry off like a frightened crab?”

A pensive pause. “I don’t scurry. I scuttle. There’s a difference.” Sparrow sat, warily watching Norrington as he reached for the second glass of ale. “Right. Let’s hear it.”

Norrington drained his glass and set it aside, still not quite believing he was about to do this. Reaching into his pocket, he withdrew the folded parchment and placed it on the table in front of Sparrow.

“What’s this, then? You giving me the deed to your house? How thoughtful, but I prefer the *Pearl*.”

Norrington scrubbed a hand across his face, and pushed a lock of dark hair off his forehead. He had let it grow out in preparation for this trip and it was driving him mad. “Just read it.” He thought a moment. “You can read, can’t you?”

Sparrow squinted in parody of a smile, but reached for the document all the same. A pause of silence while he read, and then re-read it. And then held it to the feeble light of the candle, and read it again. He looked up. “Do you know what this says?”

“Yes. God help us all, I do.”

“And you agreed to this?” Sparrow flailed the parchment about as if Norrington didn’t know to which document he referred.

“No, but that doesn’t matter. I’m bound by duty and oath to follow the commands of my superiors, and that includes the Governor of Jamaica who is the representative of the Crown in the Caribbean. If you agree to the terms, I am committed by my orders to uphold them.”

“But why me? Is this because of that business with saving his daughter and all that?” Grimy hands fluttered to indicate the “all that.”

“Apparently. But the governor is no fool and he wouldn’t have issued that if he weren’t convinced you were the best pir-, ah, man for the job. And against all advice, I might add.”

Sparrow sat back, arms dropping to his sides and an expression of amazement on his swarthy features. “A letter of marque. For me. To help you hunt pirates. ‘Tis a thing unheard of.”

“Well, you are now hearing of it.”

The two men talked long into the night, dark heads bent close over the guttering candle. The glasses of ale traveled in a continual stream from the bar to their table. They spoke of terms and agreements:

“I won’t give up any of me own crew, and I won’t have any Navy squids crewing my *Pearl*.”

“All prizes must be taken into Port Royal for official assessment--you can’t simply loot and pillage.”

“The Navy will provide all provisions, including rum.”

“Merchant vessels are not our targets, no matter what sort of rich cargo they carry. We are after pirates only.”

“I’ll decide when I no longer wish to be bound by the letter of marque.”

“You must obey my orders, and not go haring off after any sail on the horizon.”

“I won’t ‘obey,’ mate, but I will agree to follow our plan of action.”

And so it went, and the ale went as well. Norrington was more than a little muzzy when their conversation dwindled to an end, and Sparrow swayed where he sat. The tavern was quite empty now; even the barman, loath to kick out two such profitable customers, snored behind his bar. The silence grew long.

Norrington looked up to bid goodnight and finally get away, and noticed the heavy-lidded gaze on the pirate’s, damn, privateer’s face. Kohl-lined eyes black as sin stared intently at him; he felt his neck flush under the scrutiny.

“Sparrow.”

“My name’s Jack, and you can use it, seeing as how we’ve been properly acquainted now, as it were.”

“Very well, Jack. I give you good night.” Norrington dropped coin on the table and began to rise.

“I’ll see you at dawn. We’ll sail in convoy to Port Royal to begin provisioning.”

“Never said I’d accept the offer, mate.”

Norrington sat heavily and slumped on the table. “What?” He rubbed his face again. “To which terms do you not agree now?”

Jack sprawled forward on his elbows and Norrington could scent him: salt and resin, bitter ale on his breath. “Terms are fine. It’s the offer I’m not content with. I understand the governor’s offer--I get protection from Crown prosecution for me and my crew if I participate in ridding the Caribbean of pirate scum, making the Spanish Main safe for truth, justice, and, ironically, English shipping.” Jack dipped his chin and looked up at Norrington. “Its your offer I didn’t quite catch.”

“My offer.”

“Yes, your offer. What will you give me if I help you in your sacred mission?”

“Jack. That is what the letter of marque is for.”

“Commodore. The letter is from the governor, not from you. And yet its you I’m supposed to help. Seems to me you should offer me something.”

The dark gaze didn't waver, and Norrington felt the flush move higher. He held the stare. "What do I have that you could possibly want?"

Jack's eyes seemed to get blacker, a wicked smile played on his lips. "How much do you love your country, Commodore?"

"What?" He seemed to be asking that a lot this night. Norrington shook his head to clear the fumes.

Jack slanted toward him, eyes glittering in the low light. "If I help you, your mission will be a success. I will see to that. What I want to know is, is your career worth your sweet arse?"

Norrington thought the ale must have affected him more than he realized. Sparrow had not just propositioned him. Had he? Calloused hands--slender but strong--grasped his wrists, and then slid up under the cuffs of his coat along his forearms as Sparrow bent toward him over the table. Apparently he had.

Norrington looked at him wide-eyed, but held his ground. Sparrow leaned close to his ear; he could feel the pirate's unruly hair brushing his cheek. He knew he wouldn't allow this sort of liberty if he hadn't indulged in all that ale. But the pir-, privateer, was sultry, and had proven to be a clever negotiator and astute tactician--the sort of man Norrington could come to appreciate. He wondered where this would go. Warm breath brushed his neck, and his groin tightened. He didn't move.

"I might be persuaded to accept your offer, Commodore, if you were to spend a night in my bed. You can even wear your wig."

Norrington stiffened and pulled away, anger sparking at the lewd expression on Sparrow's face. This was untenable. He held the cards here, not Sparrow. If Sparrow refused to accept the letter, he could arrest him on the spot. Besides which, the proposition obviously wasn't about him, but about his damn rank, and about how Sparrow thought he could avenge himself for perceived wrongs on a commodorial arse. Fury flared hot and sharp.

He rose swiftly, if somewhat unsteadily, and grabbed Sparrow by the shoulders and flipped him onto his back on the table, scattering the glasses. The candle hissed out. He pinned the pirate with his heavier weight, holding his wrists against the scarred wood. Leaning over the astonished face, he spat, "Accept the offer or not, Sparrow, I don't care. But leave my arse out of this." He seized the oddly delicate lips in a brutal kiss that slammed Sparrow's head back against the table, and plundered his mouth cruelly. A surprised noise, and then the rogue kissed him back with as much vigor as he could muster while being held down. His tongue felt hot and slick.

Norrington pulled away, grasped Jack's hair in one hand, and yanked his head back to expose his throat. He ducked his head, drawing his teeth down the line of throat and bump of adam's apple, feeling the pirate's pulse pounding in his jugular. He bit Jack at the juncture of neck and shoulder--bare where his shirt had pulled aside--leaving an angry red welt in his wake. Jack gasped and looked at him with wild eyes. Abruptly, Norrington straightened and released him, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand as he turned toward the door. Just before stepping outside, he turned back toward Jack, still lying on the table propped up on his elbows.

"Do not meddle with what you know nothing about, Sparrow. We sail at dawn." And with that Norrington disappeared into the dark, leaving Jack staring after him.

Part 2

Jack swung his legs off the table, sat up, and peered at the empty doorway. Hearing a noise at the bar, he looked toward the barman, who was now wide awake and gaping at him. "Well, that was unexpected."

Collecting his hat, he left the bar and made his way to the waterfront and the dinghy he had moored there. He patted his pocket to make sure the letter of marque was safe, then began to row toward *Pearl*, riding at anchor in the harbor. His thoughts raced through the extraordinary events of the night.

The letter was odd enough. He never expected such a thing, and surmised Elizabeth had a dainty hand in its creation. Clever girl, he smiled to himself. But the commodore, now. There was a strange turn if ever there was one.

He hadn't planned to accost the good officer, certainly. He wasn't even sure when the notion had occurred to him. Possibly it was the ale. Rum he could handle, but ale.... Jack stopped rowing, shipped his oars, and sat staring at the rippling, inky water. Norrington was just so stiff, even out of the uniform. Jack had noted his feeble attempts to appear relaxed in the tavern. A good act, crossing those long legs and leaning back, but that spine was ramrod straight, and his knuckles white where he gripped his glass. Jack didn't think Norrington was nervous--he must have known on some level that Jack wouldn't refuse an offer from Governor Swann. Even after they had begun the long process of negotiating terms, and the long progression of ale, he hadn't truly relaxed. No, the man just didn't seem capable of being at ease.

Jack had looked at the long, boot-clad legs, the slender fingers, the dark lock of hair falling free. And he had acted on an impulsive plan intended to startle and discomfit. He had no delusions that the commodore would actually succumb to his charms so easily, numerous and potent though they were. Not that he would have backed down if Norrington had seemed interested, but really, he had only meant to confound him enough to make him forget himself for a moment. Unwind a bit. It had not turned out quite as intended.

Jack put a hand to his mouth. His lips still felt swollen, and his tongue worried a tender place inside his lower lip where gold had sliced it from the force of the commodore's mouth. The hand drifted to his shoulder where Norrington had bit him--bit him!--and he felt raised flesh and broken skin. That would leave a mark. He chuckled to himself, and again took up his oars.

Well, the current state of affairs would never do. He had agreed to accept the letter of marque, which meant he would have to work with Norrington for a while at least. He couldn't have the good commodore stalking about offended and sniffing in an annoyed manner. It would make for unpleasant working conditions for all involved. And if jaunting about the Caribbean capturing random vessels accused of piracy on the basis of a legally ambiguous piece of paper wasn't enjoyable, well, what was the point?

Jack resolved to make amends. He would invite the stuffy commodore aboard *Pearl* and direct the steward to lay a dinner fit for a king. The fine madeira, lifted from a fat Spanish brig waylaid in the Gulf and languishing in the hold awaiting a suitable occasion, would be brought out. He would be charming, gentlemanly, engaging. They would discuss their sailing routes, and they would get back on good terms. By the end of the evening, the commodore would again call him Jack, and he would call him...huh. Jack realized he didn't know the commodore's name. Well, he'd call him something other than "commodore" anyway. He grinned, and the bow of his little boat bumped gently against *Pearl's* side.

A harsh sun shone on two ships sailing in tandem near the Caribbean mouth of the Mona Passage. Jack looked toward *Dauntless* and the tall figure in blue on her quarterdeck. Tonight was the night.

They had provisioned in Port Royal, the master of the Yard simply handing over powder, shot, and victuals to fill *Pearl*'s lockers, without once having to be threatened (Jack was still vaguely amazed he hadn't been arrested for something). The process had gone smoothly, although Norrington had not spoken to him at all, instead sending lieutenants with any messages and the final notice to make sail with the tide. Weeks had passed since the two captains had spoken, and at last they had reached their intended station. Now was the time. Jack called to Gibbs to steer closer, to hailing distance.

Norrington watched the figure--perched precariously on the chainwale--touch fingers to his brow, and then bow with a wide sweep of his arm. An invitation to dine aboard the black ship, and he had accepted. He turned to face forward, hands clasped behind his back; the privateer dropped astern.

He had somewhat hoped to maintain the silence with Sparrow, but supposed that was not feasible, really. They might be months at sea together, and it was only fitting that the two captains communicate directly. And amicably.

He was obscurely appalled at his behavior that night in the tavern, and still couldn't fathom what had induced him to kiss Sparrow. Kiss him, for the love of God! He hadn't kissed a man in, well, a bloody long time. And Sparrow was clearly asking for it. But that didn't excuse his actions. Denying himself, his nature, was difficult - he carefully maintained his façade through strict discipline, and even stricter adherence to his duties. He had thought a life with Elizabeth would... Well, that didn't bear dwelling on. Let this be a lesson, he thought; this is what happens when discipline is relaxed.

Norrington sighed and paced the quarterdeck. He wondered at Sparrow's motives. If this were simply a polite apology and an invitation to resume cordiality, that would be fine. If this were, however, a crude attempt at some sort of depraved seduction, well, he would... What? He would what? He would resist the expressive black eyes, the languid grace, the quick wit. Sure he would.

He resolved to stick to wine. No ale.

Dressed in his best coat and cravat, Norrington sweltered quietly as he was rowed across to *Black Pearl*. He watched the black hull loom over him as his barge hooked on, and directed the boat

crew to return to *Dauntless* until they were called. Looking up to gauge the tumblehome, he hoped he wouldn't get tar all over his white breeches going up the side. A pitch-black ship in the Caribbean. Really.

Reaching the deck, he scanned the crewmen assembled there. "Mr Gibbs. Am I to gather you've overcome your fear of pirates, then?" Murmurings began.

"Good evening, Commodore. Let's leave the crew to their duties, shall we?"

Norrington turned toward Sparrow's voice, but his greeting died on his lips. Sparrow stood before him, a pirate lord. He was dressed in scarlet and gold, glowing in the falling light. Silk wrapped his slender waist, the tails of the sash trailing against legs clad in fawn breeches. Tight fawn breeches. Norrington swallowed. The silk scarf around his brow appeared to be new, and the trinkets woven into his hair twinkled and chimed softly. In his hands was a thin ebony walking stick with a silver head. It seemed to serve no purpose except to look ridiculously sensual in his long fingers.

Sparrow smiled at him, black-lined eyes crinkling impishly. "Shall we retire to the great cabin?" He held out his hand in invitation, the stick's silver head pointing toward the companionway.

"Captain Sparrow, good evening. Thank you for the invitation to dine." Norrington moved toward the cabin. Jack stepped closer and he caught the scent of cloves and molasses.

"The offer stands, Commodore." Norrington paused, looked at him with wide eyes. "Please, call me Jack." The lord smiled sweetly.

Norrington lifted the crystal goblet, inspecting the color of the madeira--garnet red and luscious. Perfect. Much like the preceding few hours, and the dinner. He'd always thought meals aboard *Dauntless* were without reproach, but someone on this ship had laid a rare table. Conversation had flowed smoothly, lubricated with numerous bottles of this charming wine, and ranged from sail configurations and ports they had known, to European politics and the relative merits of French and Italian cannon. He looked at Jack, who was pouring more wine for himself. He found he liked this enigmatic, maddening man. "A most enjoyable dinner, Jack. I thank you."

"Why Commodore, you are entirely welcome." He offered a smile along with the bottle.

The bottle was accepted, and a decision made. "Won't you dispense with the title and call me by my name as well?"

Jack smiled wider. "I would be delighted, but I don't know your Christian name, Commodore." He twirled the ebony stick in his fingers and looked intently at the man across from him. By God, his plan had worked this time; the commodore had relaxed, at least slightly. And now, as he watched, the most enchanting smile he'd ever beheld spread slowly across the commodore's face, revealing dimples and even white teeth. Jack caught his breath, nearly dropping the stick.

"James. My name is James. Please use it."

"James." He let the name slide from his tongue, savoring it. "How strange I never knew it. You've ever only been the commodore."

James's smile turned rueful. "Yes, I've only ever been the commodore. In fact, I sprang fully uniformed and bewigged from my mother's belly." He drank deeply.

Jack watched the wine disappear, heard the note of regret. "She must be a remarkable woman."

James chuckled and, arising, strolled to the windows of the stern gallery. He looked across the moonlit water to *Dauntless's* lights in the near distance. "I'm always the one to give the orders, you know, and everyone jumps to obey. Well, present company excepted, of course." James glanced at his host; Jack raised his glass in a toast. James looked back to his ship. "There are four hundred and seventy-three men over there, and I'm responsible for every one of them, not to mention all those at the fort and stationed on the other ships. It all devolves onto my shoulders--all the accountability and the burden. Just once I would like to be the one to mindlessly follow orders."

"No, you wouldn't, mate." Jack's low voice came from just over his shoulder. James looked back and realized Jack had stepped close and he'd never heard him move. "Once in command, few men would give that up."

"Yes, you're right. I wouldn't give it all up permanently. But a temporary respite would be... refreshing."

Jack considered briefly. The last time he'd acted on a rash plan, it hadn't gone well. This, though, this seemed different--an entirely different situation and, unlike last time, he thought he knew what was wanted. Also, there was that kiss. He swiftly stepped in front of James. "Then sit down!"

The harsh words surprised him, and James stared. Jack took the glass from his hand, and smacked him across the thighs with the silver-headed stick. "Sit down, I said."

James sat on the long bench under the gallery glass, and looked up into glittering black eyes. "Wha..."

"Quiet. You want to be told what to do, I can oblige you." Jack bent toward him, forcing James to lean back on the cushions of the stern seat. Moving slowly, Jack allowed James the opportunity to stop this. The commodore held his gaze, but didn't protest.

Jack braced a knee on the seat between James's thighs and propped his free hand against the seat back. Leaning close, Jack brushed his nose along James's cheek, feeling smooth skin and smelling powder. James caught his breath and started, "Ja..."

"I told you to be quiet. Do it." James's mouth closed with an audible click, and Jack grinned to himself. Interesting. He drew the tip of his tongue along the curve of James's jaw and across his chin, hearing ragged breaths. Looking up, he saw that James had closed his eyes. No good. He pulled away a few inches.

"James, open your eyes and look at me." Holding his gaze, he drew the silver head of the stick down the length of James's left thigh. Green eyes widened, but James remained silent. Jack moved the silver knob to the inside of his knee and applied pressure, forcing James to spread his legs. Jack watched the material of James's breeches stretch across his crotch, and saw the effect of his teasing. Very interesting. James's breathing grew louder.

Jack leaned in, tilted his head, and captured James's mouth in a soft kiss. James moaned low in his throat and Jack deepened the kiss, drawing James's tongue into his mouth and sucking gently as he slowly moved the head of the stick along the inside of the tense thigh. James gasped, breaking the kiss, but not moving. He looked into Jack's eyes and brought his hands up to cradle the angular

face. His eyes moved to Jack's mouth and he traced the elegant lips with a thumb. Jack opened his mouth, allowing James's thumb to enter, and stroked it with his tongue. In a swift move, James pressed his lips to Jack's, his thumb still in Jack's mouth. Slowly drawing the digit out, he drew the moist tip along the high cheekbone and again felt the pirate's hot, slick tongue in his mouth. He remembered the taste, rich and dark and, this time, slightly sweet with the wine. He felt the stick move lightly across his cock, stiff against his breeches.

Jack smiled against James's mouth as he felt the head of the stick slide over the hard flesh. He reached down with his other hand to feel...

"SAIL HO! Sail off the starboard bow!" The call echoed from the deck into the cabin below. Both captains sprang apart and looked upward. Jack spun and moved quickly to the door, calling for Gibbs to report.

"Strange sail, Cap'n, she sighted us and turned about. Now runnin' t'other way, as if she's got somethin' t' hide. I've hailed *Dauntless*, she's movin' up to take her captain aboard."

"Thankee, Gibbs. I'll be on deck directly." Jack turned and was surprised to see that James, in that short time, had replaced coat and cravat. Even his wig was squared away and perfectly positioned as he donned his hat. The tantalizing man submitting to his stick was gone; the Commodore was back, full of command and spouting orders. He stopped as Jack opened the door for him.

"Captain Sparrow, I thank you for a delightful dinner. Fall in alongside *Dauntless* and let's catch this blackguard." And with that he stepped quickly up the companionway stairs. Jack followed in time to see him disappear over the side as his barge hooked on.

"What a strange evening, Gibbs."

"Are ye on good terms, though?"

"Aye, you could say that." Jack grinned. "Now, let's fall in alongside *Dauntless*, as the good commodore suggested."

The ship was caught, a pirate wanted by three countries, and sent under prize crew back to Port Royal. James was pleased, as well, by the information imparted by the rogue before being chained in his own hold. It had taken some "convincing," but he had given the name of a town on the northeast coast of Hispaniola where, he explained most gratifyingly, pirates new to the Caribbean tended to gather and await news of shipping. James intended to go a-visiting. It might be a lie, but it was worth investigating.

Part 3

James and Jack rowed into the small cove near the town described by the captured pirate. *Dauntless* and *Black Pearl* had been sent down the coast to refill water casks; they would return in three days to collect their captains. The men secured the boat and made their way along the road into town.

“First step is to find the local tavern.”

“Really Jack, can’t you wait?”

“Not for rum, ye daft...” He looked over to see James smiling at him. “But now that you mention it, a wee libation wouldn’t go amiss.” He grinned back.

“Actually, who knows what might be learnt were we to inhabit the tavern for a bit.”

“Indeed.” He looked at James, his eyes glittering.

James flushed and kept walking.

Reaching their intended destination, Jack walked straight into the bar. James stood for a moment looking at the building. He could have sworn he’d been here before, although this one listed alarmingly to port. Other than that, it seemed just as disgraceful as the last tavern he’d sat in with Jack. And that thought brought another flush to his cheeks.

Entering, he saw Jack had already found a table in a dim corner, which seemed to be his usual place. James called for ale and joined him. “Now we wait, I suppose.” And the ale flowed as they listened to tavern gossip and watched the comings and goings of its patrons.

The day had grown dark when Jack leaned back in his chair, saying, “Well James, I think we’ve gotten all we can this night.”

“Yes, I suppose you’re right.”

“ ‘Suppose’? Is there something else you were hoping for?” Jack smirked evilly.

James looked at him intently for a moment. “I don’t know, Jack, I’m afraid I’m not making the decisions tonight.” He flashed his own wicked smirk and Jack saw that the enchanting smile had an alarming edge.

Jack considered what he wanted, and what the man across from him seemed to crave. “You’ve always got decisions, mate. For example, you can decide to follow me now, or you can decide not to.” Jack stood and picked up his hat. “But if you decide to follow me, you must be prepared for what’s to follow, follow?”

James watched Jack sway to the bar and, laying down coins, speak to the barman. A key was handed over. He moved to the stairs, glanced back with a raised eyebrow, and began to climb.

James thought about Jack's words. He had no doubt the pirate would make good his offer, or threat, or whatever he meant. His stomach fluttered and he realized he wanted Jack to make good on it. If he did this, there was no going back. He rose and collected his own hat.

Mounting the stairs, he saw a door slightly ajar at the end of the corridor. He pushed it open and stepped inside. Jack turned toward him and James saw that he had already removed his coat. He closed the door, locked it, and faced the pirate.

In a heartbeat Jack was against him, pressing him against the door. The doorknob dug into his back and he felt Jack's hands at his waist pulling his shirttail from his breeches. *At last*, he felt, rather than heard, breathed against his mouth, and then Jack's tongue traced his lips. James wrapped his arms around the lithe body and kissed back with all he was.

His hands roamed south to cup around the taut buttocks. Jack gasped, causing James to shudder and pull away slightly. He looked into darkened eyes, and suddenly it hit him: where this was heading, and what that meant.

Jack felt him stiffen. "What? Is it the doorknob? Just step to your left, mate." He leaned back in for another kiss.

"Jack, it's not the door." James dropped his eyes. "As much as I want this, I feel I should tell you... You see, Jack..." He fidgeted where he stood. "It's just that..." He took a deep breath, looked up, and squared his shoulders. "Jack, I haven't done this in, well, a bloody long time."

Jack tilted his head and looked keenly at James. "Are you saying that you need... direction?" James didn't answer, but Jack saw the glint in his green eyes. "Very well." He stepped away. "Take off your coat." Jack moved around the small room lighting candles as James complied. "Now your boots."

Sitting in the one chair, Jack settled in to watch. "Remove your shirt." James held his eyes and pulled the linen shirt over his head, and then stood waiting.

"Good, James." Jack stretched out his legs, his eyes roaming over the naked, muscled torso. "Now your breeches." James stood motionless, willing his hands to the laces.

"Do it, James," he said, moving a hand to the bulge at his crotch, staring brazenly as he stroked himself through the material.

James pulled the laces free and hooked his thumbs into the waistband. He took a breath and looked at Jack's hand moving languidly. He pushed the breeches down and kicked them away, forcing himself to stand straight with his hands at his side.

"Oh Jamie, you are beautiful." Jack loosened his own confining breeches and slid his hand inside. He let his gaze wander up the tall, naked form, lingering at the thick cock, half hard with desire and trepidation. The time for misgivings was over. "Touch yourself, James."

A soft sound escaped James's throat and he swayed where he stood. But he didn't move his hands.

Jack's eyebrows lifted slowly. "Now James, you're not doing as I asked." He stood. "Do you need a demonstration?" James swallowed. "Alright, get on the bed. And watch me."

James backed onto the bed, watching as Jack quickly removed boots and shirt. He took a small jar from his pocket, then shoved down his breeches and stepped out of them. Jack moved toward the bed, displaying himself. Kneeling on the mattress at James's feet, he poured thick oil from the jar into his hands and put them to his groin, stroking and massaging. "Like this, James." He tipped his

head back, hair falling over his shoulders, beads twinkling in the low light. Shadows played over the hollows of his flanks as his ribcage rose and fell. When Jack looked again, James had a hand on his cock, mimicking Jack's stroke. Jack grinned.

Leaning down, he dropped his hands on either side of James's hips. James took his hand away and leaned back on his elbows, watching Jack. Jack dipped his shoulders, trailing his hair up James's stomach and chest as he moved over him to claim his mouth. He sharply nipped the full lower lip, eliciting a grunt of surprise, then dragged his tongue over the swollen flesh.

Pulling away, he bowed his head and slid his mouth across James's chest, pausing to lip the rosy nipple to a hard peak. Hearing a guttural groan, he moved lower following the lay of downy hair. He felt a hard prick under his chin and skirted around it, nuzzling into the dark hair and unique scent. Braced on his hands, Jack extended his tongue to lick up the underside. Reaching the tip, he looked up to see heavy-lidded eyes fixed on his movement. He smiled and opened his mouth, holding James's eyes as he slid down over his cock. The resulting whimper was sweeter than any music. Jack gripped the base in one hand, propped himself on the other, and sucked as he pulled up the length. And that sound was so nice, he did it a few more times.

Releasing James's cock, he moved back up to stretch atop him. "Now James, I once asked if you had an offer for me." He nuzzled James's neck, pushing his nose into James's ear. "Shall I ask again?"

In answer, James parted his thighs under Jack's hips. Jack fitted himself into the space, cocks sliding together with the oil and spit, causing both to groan.

Jack slid his knees up to flank James's arse, causing James to lift his knees and drape his legs over Jack's thighs. Jack sat up, stroking his hands along James's waist and hips. "Give me your hand, James." He complied, sitting up and bracing himself with his free hand.

Jack placed James's hand on his cock. James gasped to feel the strange flesh, hot and heavy and slick. He moved his hand slowly along the length, and then tightened his grip to pull the foreskin back. He raised his eyes to Jack's face, and quivered at the look he saw there. Black, heavy-lidded eyes seared him, even as Jack's back arched into his touch. James moved his hand faster, feeling blood further engorge the flesh in his palm.

Panting, Jack gripped his wrist, stopping the motion. He wrapped his hand around James's, enclosing his prick in both their grips, and said in a low voice, "This..." He moved James's hand down between the man's thighs, below his balls, and pressed his fingers to his own entrance. James's legs tensed, but Jack held them apart with his knees. He pushed James's slick fingers closer, his own moving over the tight muscle as well. "... is going here." James moaned, his mouth falling open.

Jack slid his middle finger past James's, and pushed the tip against the muscle. James tensed against his touch, catching his breath. Jack leaned toward him, whispering against his lips - -"Ssshhhh, luv, relax now."-- and pushed the tip of his finger past the barrier, feeling the muscle give around his first knuckle.

James leaned back on the bed, closed his eyes, and tried to relax his body. Jack's finger felt strange, and he concentrated on the sensations as Jack pushed in further. He heard Jack whisper his name and he looked up into his face. The finger inside him stilled, and then he felt a second join it, pressing and stretching. He realized he was holding his breath. Letting it out, he felt his muscles loosen, allowing Jack's fingers to slide further in.

Jack smiled. "That's it, Jamie." He crooked his fingers, feeling across the hot, smooth flesh until he

found the spot. Stroking it with his fingertips brought the most wonderful noises. Delightful. He did it again.

“God, Jack! What are you doing to me?” James panted, feeling sweat drip down his temple. His answer was a wicked grin.

Jack pulled his fingers free, and held his cock poised to replace them. “I offer this to you, James, but you have to tell me what you want.” He nudged the head of his cock against James’s opening. “Tell me, Jamie. What do you want?” He pushed a little harder.

James was losing his mind. “Jack, I want you, I want this. Do it, please!”

“That’s very nice, luv, but I want to hear you say what you want.” He pushed and held, the blunt tip just breaching the muscle. “Give me an order, now.”

James gritted his teeth, hands fisting in the thin blanket. “Goddamnit Jack! Fuck me!”

And at that, Jack pushed harder, feeling himself slide into the slick, tight heat. He stopped, not wanting cause pain. But James would have none of it and abruptly took command again. Pulling his legs farther up, he reached behind his thighs to grasp Jack’s. Jack felt large hands grip his hamstrings and squeeze as he was pulled in. All the way in a long, slow slide.

He stilled, panting, as the hands massaged his thighs. He watched James’s chest heaving. “All right, there?”

“No, Jack, I’m not. If you don’t start moving…” Green eyes flashed dangerously, inspiring Jack to begin thrusting.

He started shallow, pulling a little farther out with each movement. James arched, gasping his name, and Jack pushed in harder. Faster he thrust, and hooked his hands under James’s knees to hold his legs higher. This shifted his angle, and on the next thrust James cried out. Jack pumped harder, the trinkets in his hair jingling in time with the snapping of his hips against James’s tense flesh. He released a sweaty knee to reach down and grasp James’s cock. It jumped in his hand, and he pulled to the rhythm of his strokes.

James cursed incoherently, called his name, and came in a torrent, splashing his belly and Jack’s hand. Jack pushed in hard, and felt himself explode. He gasped for breath, panting a sharp “oh!” with every exhalation. James released his thighs and gingerly lowered his legs. Jack slid free and dropped on his back at James’s side, flinging an arm over his stomach.

“God, Jack, you’ve ruined me.”

Jack’s grin broke wide in his direction. “Let it be a lesson to you, Jamie. Beware of pirates with offers.”

End Notes

Written in 2004. Beta by Monkeypuzzle.

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